

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Duk. Befrewe me fir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empreffe loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.

Val. Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had bene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will fend him hither to you presently.

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.

Sil. Be-like that now he hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.

Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?

Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such Louers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.

Sil. Haue done, haue done: here comes § gentleman.

Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirm his welcome, with some speciall fauor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.

Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.

Val. Leane off discourse of dilabillie:

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.

Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.

Pro. Ile die on him that faies so but your selfe.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthlesse.

Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speake with

Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,

Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;

Ile leane you to confer of home affaires,

When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.

Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.

Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are wel, & haue the much comended.

Val. And how doe yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your loue?

Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,

I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.

Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,

I haue done penance for contemning Loue,

Whose high imperious thoughts haue punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,

With nightly teares, and daily hart-fore sighes,

For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,

Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.

O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:

Now, no discourse, except it be of loue:

Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,

Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:

Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?

Val. Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint?

Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her diuine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pills,

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,

Yet let her be a principallitie,

Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistresse.

Val. Sweet: except not any,

Except thou wilt except against my Loue.

Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:

Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,

To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth

Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,

And of so great a fauor growing proud,

Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swellling flowre,

And make rough winter euerlastingly.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?

Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,

To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;

Shee is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,

And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell

As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,

The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.

Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee,

Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:

My foolish Riual that her Father likes

(Onely for his possessions are so huge)

Is gone with her along, and I must after,

For Loue (thou know'st it is full of ieaousie.)

Pro. But she loues you? (howe,

Val. I, and we are betroath'd: nay more, our marriage

With all the cunning manner of our flight

Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,

The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means

Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.

Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,

In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:

I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque

Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,

And then Ile presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste? *Exit.*

Pro. I will.

Euen as one heate, another heate expels,

Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.

So the remembrance of my former Loue

Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,

It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?

Her true perfection, or my false transgression?

That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?

Shee is faire: and so is *Julia* that I loue,

(That

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image gainst a fire

Beares no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,

And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too too much,

And that's the reason I loue him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more aduice,

That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld;

And that hath dazeld my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,

There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,

If not, to compass her Ile vse my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to Padua:

Laun. Forswear not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am

not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer

vndon till hee be hang'd; nor neuer welcome to a place,

till some certaine shor be paid, and the Hostesse say wel-

come.

Speed. Come on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house

with you presently; where, for one shor of fiue pence,

thou shalt haue fiue thousand welcomes: But sirra, how

did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted

very fairely in iest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it

stands well with her.

Speed. What an asse art thou, I vnderstand thee not.

Laun. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?

My staffe vnderstands me?

Speed. What thou saist?

Laun. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane,

and my staffe vnderstands me.

Speed. It stands vnder thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand vnder: and vnder-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, wilt be a match?

Laun. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say

no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it

will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but

by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how saist

thou that that my master is become a notable Louer?

Laun. I neuer knew him otherwise.

Speed. Then how?

Laun. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to

bee.

Spec. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me,

Laun. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy

Master.

Spec. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne

himselfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-

house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth

the name of a Christian.

Spec. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as

to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

Spec. At thy seruice.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leaue my *Julia*; shall I be forsworne?

To loue faire *Silvia*; shall I be forsworne?

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.

And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath

Prouokes me to this three-fold perurie.

Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me for-sweare;

O sweet-suggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd,

Teach me (thy temptred subiect) to excuse it.

At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,

But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:

Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,

And he wants wit, that wants resolu'd will,

To learne his wit, to exchange the bad for better;

Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,

Whose souerignty so oft thou hast preferd,

With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.

I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:

But there I leaue to loue, where I should loue.

Julia I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,

If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:

If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,

For *Valentine*, my selfe; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.

I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,

For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,

And *Silvia* (witness heauen that made her faire)

Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiopie.

I will forget that *Julia* is aliue,

Remembering that my Loue to her is dead.

And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemy;

Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend:

I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,

Without some treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.

This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder

To climbe celestiall *Silvia*'s chamber window,

My selfe in counsaile his competitor.

Now presently Ile giue her father notice

Of their disguising and pretended flight:

Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine*:

For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter.

But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickly crosse

By some sle trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding:

Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift

As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.